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David Leavitt's Barn in Berkshire County.

Mr. David Leavitt, of New York, recently bought a farm of three hundred acres for his country residence, on the Housatonic river, hardly two miles south of the village of Great Barrington, Berkshire county, Massachusetts. There may be fifty acres of it fair intervale, the residue being hilly upland, in good part covered with young wood. Here he has built him a handsome dwelling and commenced the systematic improvement of the arable land by draining, subsoiling, &c., under the direction of Mr. R. Wilkinson, whose efforts for scientific agriculture in Dutchess county, and at Mt. Airy, Germantown, Pa., deserve honorable mention. The expense of such improvement is largely enhanced by its novelty in this region, and the fact that his draining tile have to be procured from a great distance, and cost him on the farm thrice what they should, and what they ultimately will cost those who follow in his footsteps. Still Mr. Leavitt goes ahead, with the energy he has eminently displayed in other undertakings, and will yet shame some of his now caviling neighbors into a far off and feeble imitation of his liberality and thoroughness.

The "great feature" of his estate, however, is a mammoth new barn, over 100 feet from basement to observatory, and popularly estimated as having cost over $40,000. The name, however, gives so inadequate an idea of its capacities and uses, that, having visited it while passing through Great Barrington a few days ago, we feel impelled to give a running account of it.

This barn is built across the bed of a small mill stream which is soon after lost in the Housatonic, and which, though largely fed by springs, is here in such immediate proximity to the steep Berkshire hills whence it rapidly descends, that it must often be swelled to a raging, desolating mountain torrent. Across this stream a very substantial dam of cut stone, filled with earth, is thrown, just above the barn, forming a fine fish pond above, affording a good water power, and supplying water to every part of the barn, and for every conceivable purpose. The barn itself we should judge to be about 150 feet long by 70 in width, and (as we have said) nearly 100 feet high.

The basement (of cut stone) is, of course, devoted to manures, which, without waste, and by mechanical arrangements, are precipitated from the cattle stalls on the next story. This basement has a tight stone floor, is always cool in summer and warm in winter, and twenty carts may be driven in at one end, loaded simultaneously, and driven out at another door. No frost ever enters, and the manure is usually removed every month and applied directly to the land. The advantage of being able to work here in comfort during the most inclement weather, and to sled out the compost in winter—taking a load to the upland and bringing back a load of cord-wood to the railroad—is esteemed considerable.

On the next floor are the cattle and horses, including more than 50 milch cows, mainly fine Devons, with three or four yoke of working oxen and as many teams of horses. Each is kept in its place by a long strap buckled around the neck, but giving each ample freedom to lick every part of its body, which is deemed important. Food and drink are given to each in a large iron trough or manger, resembling a quarter of a large potash kettle, with one circular and two square sides. The water flows within easy reach everywhere. The stalks, roots, &c., are all cut or sliced before feeding, and are ultimately to be steamed in a gigantic boiler on the premises. At the end of each long row of cow-stalls hangs a large black-board, bearing at the left side the number of each stall in a perpendicular column; on a horn of the occupant of said stall, a corresponding number is impressed; and whenever she has been milked, her pail is immediately set in the weigh-scales, the weight of milk ascertained and placed opposite her number on the black-board; and, at the end of each week, the aggregate weight of milk and its ascertained value are carried to the cow's credit in an account book, where her food is in like manner charged; and if any cow proves on a year's trial unprofitable, she is sold off and another put in her place. The animals, of course, are clean, fat and comfortable. They are only turned out in mild weather for a short time at midday, and Mr. Wilkinson observed that they might thus be kept ninety successive days in the stable without injury or suffering. The milk-room is directly north of the stable, under the carriage-way, with an arched stone roof and a capacious store of ice at the far end. The room is well tempered, of course, may be warmed in winter if necessary, has water-pipes running through it, and ice within arm's length of the milk-pans.

On the next higher floor is a capacious kitchen and all conveniences for the family who board the workmen (fourteen to twenty in number) who sleep in a spacious chamber still higher. The family never have to move out of their special premises for water or any other accessory to their labor. Their slops fall into the basement where they belong.

On this floor are a Woodruff planing machine, a saw mill, a buzz saw for cutting wood about as fast as it can be handed on, a grind stone always kept in rapid motion by water, &c., &c. Into one apartment a load of grain is driven and pitched off into a hopper, thence run by water through a threshing machine, the screened grain delivered in its proper bin, the chaff sent to its appointed destination, and the straw carried some sixty to eighty feet, and deposited in the apartment prepared for it—all beyond the pitching being done by the unaided force of water and machinery.

We might say more of this barn—probably the most complete ever yet built—yet not half exhaust its peculiarities. Ultimately, we believe, nearly all the food for cattle will be steamed; Indian corn being thrown into the boiler as it comes from the field, and stalk, ears and leaves all reduced to a pulp by the operation of heat and water.—We understand from Mr. Wilkinson, however, that the feeding of some long (uncut) hay, from time to time, is found advantageous to health and digestion.

We do not suppose Mr. Leavitt will ever make this barn pay, in the narrow pecuniary sense; it is very seldom that so bold and radical a novelty proves profitable. We should ask more than one per cent. to insure it against the stream which it bridles, and the neighbors say there is quicksand under its foundations; that the wheel of 22 feet breast, which is to drive its machinery, will tear it to pieces within a year, &c., &c. Fire, flood, or other casualty, may destroy or greatly damage it; but while it stands, that barn will be a perpetual suggestion of improvements on this side or on that, to the farmers who may visit it; and we think its owner, even though to his own cost, will prove a signal benefactor to the public.—[N.Y.Trib.

Green Peas in Winter.—The Jacksonville (Florida) News of Jan. 23d, states that the market boat of Dr. Balsam, who has a garden at Damsee's point, arrived at that place well stocked with green peas, lettuce, turnips, radishes, &c. The Doctor informs the editor that he had made a winter shipment of three barrels of green peas in the pod to New York, and that the return was $9 per bushel, or about $27. This speaks well for establishing winter gardens, as a matter of business, upon the banks of the St. Johns, with the present facilities for a market furnished by steam communication.

The surface of the water in Lake Erie at Cleveland, is 76 feet below the surface of low water at Wellsville, on the Ohio river. At Gallipolis the Ohio is on the same level with Lake Erie. This disposes of the project of supplying the upper portions of the Ohio river with water from the lake.

The Mystery.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Thou art not dead; thou art not gone to dust;
No line of all thy loveliness shall fall
To formless ruin, smote by time, and thrust
Into the common dust that covers all.

Thou canst not wholly perish, though the sod
Sink with its violets closer to thy breast;
Though by the feet of generations trod,
The headstone crumbles from thy place of rest,

The marvel of thy beauty cannot die;
The sweetness of thy presence shall not fade;
Earth gave not all the glory of thine eye—
Death may not keep what death has never made.

It was not thine, that forehead strange and cold,
Nor those dumb lips, they hid beneath the snow;
Thy heart would throb beneath that passive fold,
Thy hands for me that stony clasp forego.

But thou hadst gone—gone from the dreary land,
Gone from the storms let loose on every hill,
Lured by the sweet persuasions of a hand
Which leads thee somewhere in the distance still

Where'er thou art, I know thou wearest yet
The same bewitching beauty, sanctified
By calmer joy, and touched with soft regret
For him who seeks, but cannot reach thy side.

I keep for thee the living love of old,
And seek thy place in nature, as a child
Whose hand is parted from his playmate's hold,
Wanders and cries along a lonesome wild.

When, in the watches of my heart, I hear
The messages of purer life, and know
The footsteps of thy spirit lingering near,
The darkness hides the way that I should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms restore
That form, the symbol of thy heavenly part?
Or on the fields of barren silence pour
That voice, the perfect music of thy heart?

O once, once bending to these widowed lips,
Take back the tender warmth of life from me,
Or let thy kisses cloud with swift eclipse
The light of mine, and give me death with thee.

Advice to Consumptives.—Dr. Hall, in the Journal of Health, has the following:

"Eat all you can digest, and exercise in the open air to convert what you eat into pure healthful blood. Do not be afraid of out-door air, day or night. Do not be afraid of sudden changes of weather; let no change, hot or cold, keep you in doors. If it is rainy weather, the more need for your going out, because you eat as much on a rainy as on a clear day, and if you exercise less, that much more remains in the system of what ought to be thrown off by exercise, and some ill result, some consequent symptom or ill feeling, is the certain issue. If it is cold out of doors, do not muffle your eyes, mouth and nose in furs, veils, woolen comforters, and the like; nature has supplied you with the best muffler, with the best regulator, that is. *two lips;* shut them before you step out of a warm room into the cold air, and keep them shut until you have walked briskly a few rods and quickened the circulation a little; walk fast enough to keep off a feeling of chilliness, and taking cold will be impossible. What are the facts of the case? Look at railroad conductors, going out of the hot air into the piercing cold of winter and in again every five or ten minutes, and yet they do not take cold oftener than others; you will scarcely find a consumptive man in a thousand of them. It is wonderful how much afraid consumptive people are of fresh air, the very thing that would cure them, the only obstacle to a cure being that they do not get enough of it; and yet what infinite pains they take to avoid breathing it, especially if it is cold; when it is known that the colder the air is the purer it must be, yet if people cannot get to a hot climate, they will make an artificial one, and imprison themselves for a whole winter in a warm room, with a temperature not varying ten degrees in six months; all such people die, and yet we follow in their footsteps. If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors day and night, except it was raining or mid-winter, then I would sleep in an unplastered log house. My consumptive friend, you want *air*, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want *nutrition*, such as plenty of bread and meat will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gasping for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you, and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for beef and out-door air, and do not be deluded into the grave by newspaper advertisements and unfindable certifiers."

Ancient Babylon.

It will not be forgotten that the French government, two or three years ago, sent three gentlemen to make scientific and artistic researches in Media, Mesopotamia and Babylon. One of them, M. Jules Oppert, has just returned to Paris, and it appears from his report that he and his colleagues thought it advisable to begin by confining themselves to the exploration of ancient Babylon. The task was of immense difficulty, and it was enhanced by the excessive heat of the sun, by privations of all kinds, and by the incessant hostility of the Arabs. After a while M. Oppert's two colleagues fell ill, so that all the labors of the expedition devolved on him. He first of all made excavations of the ruins of the famous suspended gardens of Babylon, which are now known by the name of the Hall Amron-ila-Ali, and he obtained in them a number of curious architectural and other objects, which are destined to be placed in the Louvre at Paris. He next, in obedience to the special orders of the government, took measures for ascertaining the precise extent of Babylon, a matter which the reader is aware has always been open for controversy. He has succeeded in making a series of minute surveys, and in drawing up detailed plans of the immense city. His opinion is, that even the largest calculations as to its vast extent, are not exaggerated; and he puts down that extent at the astounding figure of five hundred square kilometres. French measures, (the square kilometre is, 1,196 square yards.) This is very nearly eighteen times the size of Paris. But of course he does not say that this enormous area was occupied, or anything like it; it comprised within the walls huge tracts of land and gardens for supplying the population with food in the event of a siege. M. Oppert has discovered the Babylonian and Assyrian measures, and by means of them has ascertained exactly what part of the city was inhabited and what part was the fields and gardens. On the limits of the town, properly so-called, stands at present the flourishing town of Hillah. This town, situated on the banks of the Euphrates, is built with bricks from the ruins, and many of the household utensils and personal ornaments of the inhabitants are taken from them also. Beyond this town is the vast fortress strengthened by Nebuchadnezzer, and in the midst of it is the royal palace, itself almost as large as the town. M. Oppert says that he was also able to distinguish the ruins of the famous Tower of Babel; they are most imposing, and stand on a site formerly called Borsippa, or the Tower of Languages. The royal town, situated on the two banks of the Euphrates, covers a space of nearly seven square kilometres, and contains most interesting ruins. Amongst them are those of the royal palace, the fortress and the suspended gardens. In the collection of curiosities which M. Oppert has brought away with him is a vase which he declares to date from the time of one of the Chaldean sovereigns named Narambel; this is, somewhere about one thousand six hundred years before Christ; also a number of copies of cuneiform inscriptions, which he has every reason to believe that he will be able to decipher.

The Same Fault.—Laura was disconsolate. Henry had long flirted, but never put the question. Henry went his way. Laura's aunt, for consolation, bought her a love of a spaniel pup. "My dear," says the aunt, "the puppy can do everything but speak." "Why will you agonize me?" says Laura, "that's the only fault I found with the other."